HIS SECOND WIFE By ERNEST POOLE

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THIS STARTS THE STORY THIS STARTS THE STORY

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Ethel Knight is country bred, idealistic and utterly unsophisticated. Her
istic and utterly unsophisticated. A
home with Amy Lanier, her sister. A
home with Musband Joe, and the child,
Amy's husband Joe, and the child,
Sister is the listers to his opinion of service to convince him of her despendent of the child, and he tells him of her
puight, and she tells him of her
puight, and she tells him of her
puight, and she tells him of her
home Mife. "I'm anxions to know how
he has changed. You must let me
him," Dwight tells her.

Etc. Min," Dwight tells her.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

AND HERE IT CONTINUES NOVER in Paris he had so much. He was such a wonderful lad for dreams with the most exuberant fancy in the way he used to talk of New York and what he wanted to do back here—to use the backyards and the roofs and turn them into gardens. This town, turn them into gardens. This town, when Joe got through with it—well, when Joe got through with it—well, from an airplane it was to look more or less like a bed of roses—or a hill town in Italy. But that was only his lighter vein. When his fancy was really working hard, he took department working hard, he took department stores, hotels and huge railroad terminals and jammed them all together into one big building. How deep in the earth it was to have gone I really can't remember, nor how far up into the gkiez meadow or prairie or something."

"Yes," thought Ethel, "I'm going to the bim"

"You like it," he reported. "And he has already met some chaps who knew of him and his earlier work, not only in Paris, but over here. He was one of the most brilliant designers in the city. I find—and a good many men were disappointed when he threw over his true profession and went after ready cash. How would you like me to put up his name?"

"Precisely."

"To club membership."

"Precisely."

"This is getting rather intimate." Ethel told herself that night. "Never mind, my love, you've been perfectly honest. He knows very well what you're after. And if he likes you and wants to help, so much the better."

Some days in the studio she stuck in the way he used to talk of New York minais and jammed them all together into one big building. How deep in the earth it was to have gone I really can't remember, nor how far up into the rkiez But there was a garden at the top—or a meadow or prairie or something."

"Yes," thought Ethel, "I'm going to like him."

"Joe could talk of his plant all rich."

Ing her curiously.

How many of us are there?" he you.

saked. She looked at him in a quesliming way. tioning way friends, who are to dig him up, you

Dwight lunched with Joe soon after that, and later in the studio he and Ethel had a talk.

"In a good many ways," he assured her, "he struck me as the same old Joe—friendly and hospitable—he insisted on ordering quite a meal. But we didn't eat much of it. We talked."

we didn't eat much of it. We talked.

"Of Paris?"

"Very much so. There's a lot of Paris in him yet." And he told of their long conversation.

"Now," she said, when she rose to leave, "if you'll just keep at him occasionally—while his partner does the same at the office, and I do what I can at home—"

'You insist on his being home every

night?"
"That depends." said Ethel gravely.
"Suppose I take him some night to my club. We have quite a number of architects there."
"Oh, wonderful! How good of you!"
"Mrs. Lanier," said her teacher, "I'm under your orders—digging for gold."
He took Joe to his club on the following night, and later several times for lunch.

into one but to have gone I reasily can't earlish tearls his and how for how far up into the risk. Age ment one how far up into the risk. Age ment one was a garden at the top—or meadow or prairie or something.

"Teg," thought Eithel, "Tim going to like him."

"On the plano of his plans all night," "One or largy musician like me from keep plano where I belonged."

"Was it you who taught him to play?" "And plano? It was," he replied. "On the plano? It was," he replied. "On the plano? It was," he replied. "On the plano? It was," he replied. "They laughted. And from that he begged him." "Yes. He doesn't let his right hand "Yes. He doesn't let his right hand." "Yes. He doesn't let his right hand "They laughted. And from the rebown emerged with eagerness in her brown emerged with e

they fascinate me. Such boundless energy and drive ought to go into a symphony. Plenty of drums and crashing brass. Good-by, Mrs. Lamer, he added. "This has been a lucky day for me."

Thank you. Don't forget about Joe. And meanwhile—till next Tuesday."
As she settled back in her car she thought.

"All right, Ethel, very good."

Twice a week, that autumn, she went to Dwight for lessons. But until some time had passed she did not mention it to Joe.

"When you meet him," she said to Dwight, "I'd rather you wouldn't speak of my lessons. I want my singing to be a surprise. And besiden, I'd so much rather that any old friends of my husband's come to him through his partner. It seems so much more natural."

I see, said Dwight. "But he doesn't, she thought, "and I'll have to explain."

"Later, of course, I'll teil him," she said. "But ilist now in this till, want to was most reassuring." "But ilist now in this till like the way you are going about it." His tone was most reassuring. "But ilist now in this city you see—"it like the way you are going about it. I'll so delightfully novel, you see—"it like the way you are going about it. I'll so delightfully novel, you see—"it is the mind the proped like a hot potato." she thought. "There's nothing unselfish about this man. Don't make him feel he has you on his hands." And she would grow studiously abstract and detached in her talk about the town. But I kent copping up in spite of her. this warm eagerness to "really live." "It's funny," she said to Dwight one day. "I had thought of music and all that I wanted as being so different from Joe's work. But now in this city you seem to know, I find that what I ve wanted most is just what he ought to want in his work." The two go towart in his work. The two go towart in his work. The two go towart in his work is find the find on the till have to wanted most is just what he ought to want on the find on "Later, of course, I'll tell him," she "But I like the way you are going about this from the state he's in if you or any one else of his friends who knew him as he used to be should mome and say. 'Sent by your wife, with her compliments and fervent hopes of your speedy resurrection'—oh, no. It wouldn't do at ail." Dwight was watching her curiously. "How many of us are there?" he "Sur I like the way you are going about it is so delightfully novel, you see—conspiring to make your husband find his friends all by himself—so that when he has found them he'll come to you with a beaming smile and say. Woman, I bring you wealth and fame and friends higher curiously. They many of us are there?" here you wealth and fame and friends higher curiously.

Ethel smiled. "I don't like you to joke about it." she said.
"Very well." he agreed, "let's get back know."

"Only you, at present—and of course his partner." He smiled:

"Bill Nourse is not a very brisk diggers, and I've hunted about quite a bit. There's that chap Crothers and his wife, but so far they're the best I can do—and the Crothers pair seem rather blind. They can't see the old Joe for the new."

"Say no more. I'll search the town." Their eves had met for an instant.

"Yes," she thought, "I'm getting on"

to the serious work of his resurrection. You asked me to recruit other brisk diggers, and I've hunted about quite a bit. There's that chap Crothers and his wife, but so far they're the best I can do—and the Crothers pair seem rather blind. They can't see the old Joe for the new."

"You mean they think he's hopeless," Ethel scornfully put in.

"Yes," she thought, "I'm getting on" (CONTINUED TOMORROW) to the serious work of his resurrection.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES "ISLE OF PLAY"

The Land in the Sea The Land in the Sen (Peggy and Billy, carried to Persia by a magic rug, seek to use the rug to help fair Astara and her lover, Prince Bashur, escape from her father. Raban the Greedy, who icants a richer husband for her. By making Whiffa, guardian of the rug, talk in his sleep, they work the charm that rules the rug.

brayed Balky Sear.
"Woof! Woof! So will I.
Johnny Bull.
"I want to play, I want to eat, but I don't want to sleep until next winter."
I want to play, I want to eat, but I don't want to sleep until next winter."
Frowled Lonexome Bear, who liked to make up in the summer for the long that he took every snow time.

By DADDY Billy again looked over the side of the rug and what he saw caused him to give a shout:

"The sea, the sea, the bounding sea! See the sea!" he sang in a funny mixed-up way. Every one looked down, and, true enough, there was the rolling deep beneath them.

ASTARA and Prince Bashur were happy to be reunited through the trange aid of the magic rug.

CHAPTER III

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Seneral them.

"My gracious, I hope the rug doesn't get tired of flying now." cried Astara, with a little shudder. Pegsy and Billy hoped the same thing, for even thous. They could swim, they could never swim as far as the shore of that broad sea. A STARA and Prince Bashur were happy to be reunited through the strange aid of the magic rug.

We will wed as soon as we come to earth skain." whispered Frince Bashur now, I am sure I can earn riches for to gain a fortune.

Whista the guardian of the rug, was summing in his sleep. Now he mumbled words that caused all to loos at him in wonder.

"No work! No work! All is gay on he list of Piay." What can he mean." asked Peggy.

"What and where is the list of Piay." What and where is the list of piay." If have heard in stories of the Isle of piay. The staid. "It is a happy land in or labors and where there is nothing to be true that the rug is carrying us over the edge at the earth below. "We tall is to the low. The rugs is certainly not carrying us over the edge at the earth below. "We tall less to the west." The rugs is certainly not carrying us over the edge at the earth below. "We tall less to the west." The rugs is certainly not carrying us over the edge at the earth below. "We tall less to the west." "Hee-haw, I want to play. I'll be glad brayed Balks Sam.

"Woof! Woof! So will I." barked "Woof! Woof! So will I." barked to should be summer for the long of the same thing, for even though in the could swim, they could never swim as far as the shore of that broad sea.

The rese seemed good cause for alarm, for the rug, instead of soaring high in the sar as the shore of that broad sea.

There seemed good cause for alarm, for the rug, instead of soaring high in the sar, as it had done when coming to the trug, may drope head, for the rug, instead of soaring high in the sar, as it had done when coming to the trug, instead of soaring high in the dair, as it had done when coming to the sar, so the story instead of the same thing, for the rug, instead of soaring high in the dair, as it had done when coming to the trug, instead of soaring high in the dair, as it had done when coming to the sar, sa it had done when coming to the trug, instead of soaring high the air, as it had done when coming to the trug, instead of so

(Tomorrow will be told what danger Billy sees.)



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PETEY-What a Wicket Wallop She Wields

- OH, LET HER MAYBE IT ALONE UNCLE PETEY 15 -BUT, NOT -BOXING IS FOR A WOMAN A GOOD WAY HER AGE - -TO REDUCE





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By C. A. Voight

SIBNEY

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-:-

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says if the railroads must increase their rates, let it be their freight rates, so it won't cost the general THE NIGHT JIMMY DREAMED HE OWNED A PET GIRAFFE-By Fontaine Fox -WOTCHA GONNA LICK ME ATTABOY FOR . DAD ! BASE BALL

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG ********* FOOT PRINTS, OH HE SAMOS OF TIME STEPT OFF BY 8 ME MAHUS DWG-

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-The Boss Is Going to Be Selfish



